

ISSUE #1

The Global Magazine of Horror

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SHIVERS

PINHEAD SPEAKS!

An exclusive
interview with
Doug Bradley on
HELLRAISER III

DAVID CRONENBERG

Does **LUNCH**, as
NAKED as William S
Burroughs intended

HARDWARE

Director
Richard Stanley
kicks a storm of
controversy with
DUST DEVIL

PETER JACKSON'S

Latest Bad Taste
Exercise - **BRAIN
DEAD**

**FIRST
ISSUE!**



PLUS more news, views, reviews and interviews from around the world



SHIVERS CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

"Horror is the future. And you cannot be afraid. You must push everything to the absolute limit. Or else life will be boring. People will be boring. Horror is like a serpent, always shedding it's skin, always changing. And it will always come back. It can't be hidden away like the guilty secrets we try to keep in our unconscious".

Those words, spoken by Dario Argento, sum up the whole point of the magazine you are now holding. So does the title. *Shivers* was a seminal horror classic. It was directed by David Cronenberg, one of the very few horror filmmakers mainstream critics grudgingly take seriously. It starred Barbara Steele, the ultimate Scream Queen. And, sadly in retrospect, it's subject has become quite outrageous and more horrifyingly pertinent with each year that passes. These four themes are the basic concerns of the *Shivers* writing team. Plus having fun in the process, of course!

Bear in mind this journal is dubbed "The Global Magazine of Horror". At last, a call-in excuse to indulge my Italian obsession! We won't just deal with spaghetti horror though as this premiere issue proves. We literally whisk around the world from New Zealand to North Carolina, from South Africa to Japan, from Roma to Hollywood to report on anything of interest. Don't worry. Old favourites will be covered, albeit with a twist. As for *Star Trek* and Dr. Who, that's the last time they'll be mentioned within these pages!

Shivers is essentially your horror exploration guide. So it's important for us to know your opinions; who or what you'd like to see featured, any general ideas along those lines. There's ample opportunity for dropping feedback either on the *Stallioner* letters page or within David McGillivray's *Inquisition* column. Just for the record, NO, we will never be publishing short horror fiction, so don't bother submitting any. Otherwise, enjoy.

Alan Jones

David Cronenberg's *Shivers*



ADVERTISING

To advertise in next issue's *Shivers Classified* can cost just £3.00! Readers wanting *Pulp* pay just £3.00 for up to 32 words. Firm rates for Conventions, Clubs, Announcements and Reviews is £6.00 for up to 32 words. All Trade and other advertisements pay £12 for up to 32 words. Extra words in any section cost 40p per word. All prices include VAT. Cheques/ PO made payable to 'Visual Imagination Limited'. For further details of this, or other advertising info, please request our rate card, *Visual Imagination (Shivers) Ltd*, PO Box 371, London SW11 4UL, UK or ring Nick on 051 878 5485 and ask for advertising.

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SHAKE & QUAKE NEWS

DRACULA IS DEAD AND WELL AND LIVING IN HOLLYWOOD

The blood-gates have opened. The screen will be awash with vampire movies this time next year thanks to the waves Francis Coppola's *Bram Stoker's Dracula* is causing, dubbed 'Poke-ula' by industry pundits for its high erotic content, the Gary Oldman/Winsor Ryder/Keanu Reeves starrer has every producer dusting off old undead scripts. Of the twelve announced, the most interesting are John Landis' *Innocent Blood*, marking his return to the horror field since *An American Werewolf in London*, with Anne (Nikita) Parilaud as the vampire in distress falling in love with her male prey Anthony LaPaglia, Fritn Kuzur's *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* starring Donald Sutherland, Rutger Hauer, Kristy Swanson and 'Beverly Hills 90210' heart-throb Luke Perry and *The Last Boys* 2 penned by Eric (Body Parts) Red. Ken Russell looks set to revive his long-stalled *Dracula* project too thanks to the current fang-friendly climate.

BRITAIN FIGHTS BACK

Currently on London locations in Pinewood and Lewisham is *Tale of a Vampire*. This Shiro Screen Production from producers Simon Johnson and Linda Kay is a new version of Edgar Allan Poe's poem 'Annabel Lee' starring Julian Naked Lunch Sands and Kenneth Hellbound Coughlin. Directed by Japanese born Shimako Sato, look for a set report next issue.

MAD MAX

Mal Gibson has bought the screen rights to the cult television show *The Wild, Wild West* and stars in the first movie installment after he finishes *The Rest of Daniel* where he plays a crydically frozen test pilot. For those who don't remember, Robert Conrad was the original James T. West, the super-Sheriff secret agent who battled world villains with super weapons in 1870.

DRILLER KILLER 2

Abel Ferrara no longer finished directing the violence-plus *The Bad Lieutenant* in New York about a run-raping serial killer starring Harvey Keitel, than he began *Invasion of the Body Snatchers II: The Harvest* in Selma, Alabama, starring Meg Tilly. Originally written by Dennis Paoli for Stuart (Reanimator) Gordon to direct, the project was passed on by Russell (Highlander II) Mulcahy and Steve (Predator 2) Hopkins before landing on the King of New York's doorstep. Now rewritten by favoured Ferrara collaborator Nicholas St. John, this time the alien space pods take over an army base. Incidentally *The Bad Lieutenant* was co-written and also co-stars Zoo Tamarlane. If that name sounds familiar, she shot to fame in Ferrara's *Ms. 45* as Zoo Tamarlane and was featured in Larry Cohen's *Special Effects*. She changed her name after being told she'd become more famous on advice from her psychic.

ALIEN 4?

Mega-producer Joel (Die Hard) Silver will bring Sidney Sheldon's latest best-seller *The Doomsday Conspiracy* to the big screen next year. This UFO cover-up thriller will mark the first time since *Bloodline* that one of Sheldon's books has risen out of the min-series ghetto. Another fantasy coming from Silver Pictures is *Moonriny* scripted by Keith Williams. Look for comments on his exploits as a Hollywood scriptwriter in a future issue of *Shivers*.

PEAKS FREAKS

Prepare for an emotional *Lynching*. *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me* promises heaps of bloody thrills according to early preview reports. For the first time Laura Palmer's death will be shown in all its gruesome detail and further shock scenes include Leland Palmer molesting Teresa Banks and a sex scene between three of the main leads. While David Bowie plays a tree-travelling FBI agent, and



John Savage returns from beyond the grave in Lucio Fulci's *Door To Silence*

Chris Isaak a time-bound Fed, Michael Ontkean's Sheriff Harry Truman returns for only a short stint...

ARGENTO NEWS

Lamberto Bava's *The Returners*, which Dario Argento produces, is set in a London school and features five seventeen-year-old students battling evil forces. Really *The Returners* is nothing more than the official *Demons 3* in disguise. Now you know what the enclosed environment will be this time.

MORE ARGENTO

As for Argento's latest picture *Trauma*, now the truth can be told. After showing initial interest Hollywood Goddess Kim Novak

turned Argento down for the lead role. So did James Spader as the New Age artist who murderously comes between her character and her promiscuous daughter. The only confirmed casting in what is essentially *The Bird With The Crystal Plumage 2* is, unsurprisingly, Argento's own daughter Asia. Written by Gianni (The Sect/The Returners) Romoli, *Trauma* was originally called *Moving Gullotine* and then *Aura's Engine*. Thank God he saw sense in changing that last title. Shooting May in Pittsburgh for an Italian Christmas release, Argento wrote the script entirely at night while staying in New

SERIAL KILLER CLONES

The Silence of the Lambs has a lot to answer for. Look for *Traces of Red* starring James Belushi probing a brutal serial killer. Bruce Robinson's *Jennifer Eight* about a murderer who only kills girls with that name. James Glickenhaus of *Extremities* infamy strikes again with *Slaughter of the Innocents*. Let the specifics begin! says the poster boy. Raw Nerve stars Glenn Ford and ex-guon Tied Lorde in a story concerning a mad car driver who has psychic visions over the identity of the person who killed ten women. David A. Prior directs. There's also Vernon P. Becker's *Zippertape*, Robert Hitzig's *Never Cry Devil* and Rudolph Van Den Berg's *The Johnsons/Kangaroo*. Last but not least, the most famous one of them all returns in Peter B. Good's *Fatal Exposure*. Jack the Ripper's great-grandson not only kills prostitutes, but like *Peeping Tom*, he photographs them as they die.

It becomes obvious to all concerned Jackson was a director of considerable talent and one worth backing.

England because he found the place a hot-bed of puritan sexual repression. Argento made headlines recently in Italy by revealing he was seriously considering giving up directing in a syndicated interview he said he'd had enough of the producing hassles and the way his movies were treated by uncaring distributors and censor boards around the world. More on this alarming statement in future issues.

EVEN MORE ARGENTO

Want to know what Dario thought of *The Silence of the Lambs*? "I don't like it. It's not a great film. Unlike the book, we don't understand the psychology of the killer. Jonathan Demme did not, or could not, explain the psychology, why the killer killed women, the homosexuality of the murderer. It leaves us with a movie where we assume a madman stalks and kills chubby girls because he can't find a decent off-the-rack suit. A horrible lie to tell when the truth is so readily available: repressed sexuality of any type often leads to violence."

FULCI

Although Shivers Rome correspondent Alberto Farina talked to Joe D'Amato about *Deceit to Silence*, the new picture he produced for Lucio Fulci (see next issue), don't expect an interview with the maestro himself. When Alberto called Fulci to ask him a few questions, the director exploded, said he was sick of talking about his work, and wanted paying for any future promotion. "I must eat between making those movies", he whined. Who does he think he is? Joan Collins? Further investigation revealed Fulci is publishing his autobiography in Italy this Summer. So perhaps he doesn't want to give too much away in advance.

SIX FLICKS FROM CLIVE BARKER

Clive Barker has just signed a six picture contract with Propaganda Films based on their delight at his executive producer role on Bernard Rose's *Candy Man* adapted from the best-selling novelist's *Books of Blood* short story "The Forbidden". It concerns a mythical hook-handed killer who really disembowels and tears apart several people in Chicago's

PUTTING ON THE HORROR BLITZ

The following are currently in pre-production or awaiting release. *Milly*, directed by Tony J. Gal, has a young boy haunted by his dead mother. *Final Sacrifice* pits a Satanic cult leader against a 15 year-old youth who tries to warn the police about their murderous activities. Kundal Rai's *Houseboat Horror* is set at summer camp on Lake Infamy. In *The Ocean Tradition*, Bruce's Paul Thomas' *Years of the Beast*. Life after death is the subject matter of *Crimson*. The devil is unleashed in Raphael Nussbaum's *The Ungodly*. And George Sluizer is currently filming the Hollywood remake of his critical success *The Vanishing* starring Kiefer Sutherland, Jeff Bridges and Nancy Travis. What a strange experience that must be for him.

Mark Pinn's *Nudeist Colony of the Dead* sounds fun. After a mass suicide, nudists return to haunt the church group responsible for closing their club. *Dream Stalker* has a model haunted by dreams of her dead "Hell's Angels" lover who wants her to join him on "The Other Side". The French are remaking the popular Sci-Fi TV series *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* as a feature film in *The Spirits of the Dead* tradition. Arnold Desplechin's *La Sentinelle* has a shrunken head collector forced to do their evil bidding. Dennis Dimeter-Denk's *Midway* is a child with an evil side. And Larry Fessenden's *The Frankenstein Complex* finds the mad doctor experimenting on a farm community.

Paul's spent time in *S.S. Women* as old Nazis continue to torture women. Fred Olen Ray milks the sorority sister setting for his new slasher *Little Devils*. Horne Hachuet's *Immortal Sins* is for producer Roger Corman and concerns a cursed castle. There's two *Airplane*-style horror spoofs on the way, *Horror and Bats*. And Jay Woolfe's *Beyond Dream's Door*, Brian Owen's *Happy Hell Night*, starring Robert (Marlee Cop 2) Dar, Albert Pyun's *Nemesis*, and Donald P. Borchers' *Secret Screams*.

Sequel and you shall find...

Frank Henenlotter's well-reviewed *Basket Case 3: The Property* currently playing midnight shows in America. Director Clay Borris continuing Canada's *Canine* saga in *Prom Night 4: Deliver Us From Evil*. Jack M. Sell giving us *Revenge of the Psychotronic Man*. Donald G. Jackson's *Frogmen II: Meaner and Greener*. Brian Yarns letting loose his nasty *Santa* (*Claws*) again for *Silent Night, Bloody Night 5: The Toymaker*. Also watch for Kevin Peter's *Humanoids from the Deep 2: The Next Generation*, *Pumpkinhead 2* and *Warlock II*.

Cabern's Green housing project Virginia Madson plays the university student whose research compels her to be at the same place as the marian. The six pictures won't necessarily be all Barker-based mainly because he's hard at work on his own mega-budget sci-fi project *Eden U.S.A.* So perhaps now's the time for all fledgling Barker's to inundate their role model with suitable material.

COMING SOON

On various studio's slated to start production are Tri-star's *I Married an Axe Murderer*, *The Enchanted Cottage* and *Ishtar*. The latter sci-fi horror, at one time to star Sylvester Stallone, is set in a future where the Earth's oceans have dried up. Ships are redundant and everyone travels via a huge railway network circling the Earth. But an alien hitchhikes a ride in

one hi-tech train carriage carrying some V.I.P.s and must be eliminated in this *Horror Express* meets *Alien* concept. Fox are remaking *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir* while Universal update both *Death Takes A Holiday* and *Village of the Damned*. Mainwail Warner Bros. finally promises *Beelzebub 2* for 1993 and Tim Burton's favourite composer, Danny Elfman, has written his first horror fantasy for them also.

HAUNTED HOUSES

When Tony Randal was fired from directing *Halloween III: Hell on Earth*, scripter Peter Atkins said he had "found himself another gig almost immediately" but wouldn't say what it was. Now we know - *Amityville 1992: It's About Time* starring Stephen Macht. Can there really be anything new to say on that subject? Others seem to think

so. Another haunted house of horror will be with us soon in the shape of *Grave Secrets* when Paddy Duke Ashin moves into a new house built over an ancient burial ground. The original title was *Black Hope Horror*. Randal shoots the insect horror *Ticks* next!

LOVECRAFT

Let's hope these H.P. Lovecraft inspired movies are better than Dan O'Bannon's *The Resurrected*. Stuart Reinmator Gordon's *Shadow over Innsmouth* where girl meets fish man. Betsy Russell and Vince Van Patton star in Thom Keth's *The Howler* about four women from Westville Women's College taking a frightening journey into the unknown on Mystic Mountain. And Jean-Paul Cusset's *The Unnamable Returns*, based on Lovecraft's "The Statement of Randolph Carter", starring John Rhys-Davies, David Warner and Peter Brock.

OBSESSION 2

After the disastrous critical and box-office reception given to *The Borne of the Vanities*, Brian De Palma returns to more familiar ground with his new thriller *Raising Cain*. Produced by co-writer James Cameron, Gale Anne Hurd, and now Mrs De Palma, the Hollywood Hitchcock reworks his masterpiece *Obsession* with the same star, John Lithgow, in this tale of a child psychologist who kidnaps his own daughter then masterminds a scheme to frame his co-wife's lover for the deed. Lolita Davidovich is his wife and Steven Bauer the co-killer.

GOING, GOING, GEIN

A book you may find interesting is "Ed Gein - Psycho" by Paul Anthony Woods. Published by Annihilation Press at \$6.95, Woods explores the life and horrendous crimes of the Wisconsin sadist who inspired Robert Bloch to create Norman Bates and write *Psycho*. The second part of Woods' page-turning treasure details all the other movies Gein's bloody exploits influenced from *Three on a Meathook*, *Deranged* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Illustrated with gruesome pictures from police files, this read is not for the faint-hearted.

Alan Jones



BRAIN DEAD -- THE ROT HAS SET IN

Shivers feature by Alan Jones

Peter Jackson's first horror venture left a Bad Taste in your mouth. Then the native New Zealander asked you to Meet the Feebles in his second sleaze outing. Now get ready to feast your eyes on his latest gross-out offering, a zombie comedy he says lies midway between the two. For if you thought it was all bobby-sox, Elvis, pink Cadillacs and innocence in the Fifties, you didn't live next door to Lionel, the put-upon star of Peter Jackson's 'Splatstick' nightmare Brain Dead.

Brain Dead receives its world premiere at this year's Cannes Film Festival and is the biggest special effects movie ever produced in Australasia. According to Jackson, "It has more special effects than my previous two movies put together. The last half an hour explodes into a frenzy of blood-soaked effects [it's relentless]." Relentless also describes the effort on Jackson's part to actually get **Brain Dead** in front of the cameras. The cult director explains, "After **Bad Taste** was completed, Stephen Bindar, Francois Walsh and myself wrote this gore-drenched zombie black comedy. But the \$2.5 million budget was difficult to pull together even though the New Zealand Film Commission, who backed **Bad Taste**, agreed to put up half the cost. As we couldn't raise the remainder from private finance, we had to face the dismal reality and cancel it. We were so confident about pulling it off we were literally within a week of hiring a crew and cranking up for pre-production."

With **Brain Dead** put on hold, Jackson turned all his attention to directing the far cheaper

'Splatstick' show **Meet the Feebles** which suddenly became a reality in 1988 thanks to major Japanese investment. Yet the **Brain Dead** postproduction proved to be a blessing in disguise as Jackson points out, "The script benefited enormously from the enforced delays and **Meet the Feebles** taught us a lot in terms of proper storytelling. We polished it, introduced new twists, developed the extensive effects, and in retrospect I'm incredibly grateful that what happened, happened." And when filming eventually started on September 3rd, 1991, at the Avalon Studios in Wellington, "It was the ninth draft screenplay we used", he says. "It will come as something of a relief to get it finished after all these years".

The budget for **Brain Dead** was finally raised from three main sources, the New Zealand Film Commission, Japan Cinema Associates and Avalon Studios themselves. With **Meet the Feebles** attracting great reviews and Festival awards, it became obvious to all concerned Jackson was a director of considerable talent and one

worth backing. The fact Jackson showed no sign of ever giving up on the project, coupled with his dogged persistence, was probably another factor too.

Set in 1957, the rot-infested romance stars Tim Balme, a popular comedian on New Zealand television thanks to the show 'Away Laughing'. He's Lionel, a young man whose domineering mother, veteran stage actress Elizabeth Moody, is bitten on the arm by a Hades rat-monkey when she suspiciously follows him on a date to the zoo. This minor accident has catastrophic effects when she gradually turns into a blood-lusting, flesh-eating zombie. Spanish actress Dana Penabaz plays Lionel's girlfriend Paquita, who sends his mother into screaming jealous rages, and Ian Watkin is sleazy Uncle Les who seizes his chance to grab their house but grabs more than he bargained for.

Brain Dead also stars Murray Keane as Scrap the Zombie and Stuart Devine plays a non-nonsense priest whose search for Everlasting Life ends in Lionel's cellar. Brenda Kendall is

it became obvious to all concerned Jackson was a director of considerable talent and one worth backing

Peter Jackson's zombie comedy is bound to get up your nose!



the nurse who attends to Mum's infected wounds until Mum decides to attend to her. And then there's Selwyn, a baby... well, sort of. Jackson says, "It's a horrid tale where the main questions on Lionel's crazed mind are 'Will Mum's face stay on during the dinner party?' 'Will she eat the president of the Wellington Ladies Welfare League?' and 'Will her strange disease spread up the street to the corner shop?'"

Jackson continues, "All the characters and the screenplay are much stronger than *Bad Taste*'s, but the sense of humour is the same - good-natured rather than cynical like *Meet the Feebles*". However where *Brain Dead* differs from its predecessors is in being "an out-and-out horror", he adds. "*Bad Taste* was a total romp - it was never meant to be scary whereas this one is. But it's mixed with comedy in the *Reanimator* and *Evil Dead* vein". Why Jackson used his favourite New Zealand actors doesn't need explaining. What does is the odd choice of Dana Pennefather. "When a Spanish producer showed interest in *Brain Dead* at Cannes, we wrote it to accommodate a co-production angle. When the deal fell through, we retained the European component because it gave the screenplay an unusual gypsy mystique".

Avallon Studios is home to New Zealand's top TV game shows 'Wheel of Fortune' and 'Sale of the Century'. It's where Vincent Ward shot *The Navigator* too. Here, Jackson directed most of the outrageous splatter on show in *Brain Dead*. He laughs, "The scene we're shooting today is where Mother has just gorged herself on the family dog, Gemma, and we're dressing the bedroom set with what looks like scraps of dog flesh, innards and lots of blood. Don't tell anyone but we've actually borrowed the steak for tomorrow's crew dinner which we'll have to return to the cooks". That joke is aimed at the cast and meant to make them suitably queasy in readiness for the upcoming bloodbath. Jackson then reveals in hushed tones, "Actually it's a mix of chicken livers, custard, soap and a thick blood solution made from mixing maple syrup and food colouring". The nine-



Elizabeth Moody's got a cheek!

Sydney-based Bob McCarron is supervising all the highly-sophisticated prosthetic zombie designs and construction. His prior work includes *Mad Max 2*, *Razorback*, *Howling III: The Marsupials*, *Salute of the Jugga* & *Dead Calm*.

main special effects crew responsible for this fleshy formula is being supervised by Richard Taylor, the man behind *Meet the Feebles*. Jackson adds sensually, "*Brain Dead* was such a formidable task for Taylor he had to draw up a 'bible' containing 600 storyboards to keep everything under control".

Sydney-based Bob McCarron is supervising all the highly-sophisticated prosthetic zombie designs and construction. His prior work includes *Mad Max 2*, *Razorback*, *Howling III: The*

Marsupials, *Salute of the Jugga* and *Dead Calm*. Jackson remarks, "Bob's made about sixty male and female limbs which he's live casted and sculpted, plus four baby Selwyn zombie made out of foam latex which is as much like human flesh as you can possibly get. In addition to the body parts, Bob's made an unusual selection of props, a fully operational giant food blender, an embalming machine and a Fries motorised lawn mower that spouts out masses of blood".

Brain Dead features

numerous animatronic puppet effects too which Jackson notes, "Are the work of Ramon Aguilar, the *Meet the Feebles* puppet master. It made sense to apply all the experience we gained on that film to this one". Because the whole of Lionel's house was a set constructed at Avallon Studios, a local scaffolding contractor was brought in to build a huge structure that could carry the weight of an entire three-storey building so the puppeteers could be accommodated in a trench underneath it.

With *Brain Dead*'s instant cult success miraculously acquired, Jackson says he never got out to become that sort of director. "The whole cult thing is a label others have given me. I've never sat through *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* event I just make what I enjoy watching myself, influenced by nine years sitting glued to 'Monty Python's Flying Circus'. And with *Brain Dead* nearly completed, he's already planning his next movie. It's titled *Blubberhead* and is co-written by Danny Mulhearn who co-scripted *Meet the Feebles*. My two major movie loves are James Bond and Ray Harryhausen's stop-motion animation work. Both influences will be included in what I can only call at this stage an epic fantasy".

Another 'armless picture from *Brain Dead*



DAVID CRONENBERG *invites you to lunch*

Shivers interview by Mark Kermode

Long before deciding to become a film-maker, David Cronenberg harboured dark dreams of a career as a novelist. Throughout his formative years the spectres of two notoriously controversial authors haunted Cronenberg - Vladimir Nabokov, (author of 'Lolita', a novel of underage lust later adapted for the screen by Stanley Kubrick), and beat generation guru William S. Burroughs.

Now, Cronenberg has returned to his origins to pay tribute to Burroughs and the extraordinary influence which he has exerted upon the director's unique and terrifying body of work. Using as his starting point the shocking and disjointed form of 'Naked Lunch', a rambling catalogue of postcards from the edge of sanity, Cronenberg has conjured a film which melds biographical detail with outlandish surrealism as it muses upon the dangerous past-time of writing the future.

"I never started out intending to let writing be a major theme in my script", confesses Cronenberg in a lilting Canadian drawl. "It was as much a surprise to me as to the people who come to see the movie I had no idea what would happen when I started to write the screenplay because Burroughs' book, which is very fragmented and multi-layered, is really not translatable to film. And in a way that

impossibility was liberating because what I was forced to write was a meditation on Burroughs in general, and 'Naked Lunch' in particular. So I found myself drifting back from the page to include the writing machine, and then further back to include the writer in the process of writing".

As a result of this 'drift' away from the page back towards the figure of the writer, Cronenberg's *Naked Lunch* seems on one level to function as a biography of Burroughs, a portrait of the artist as a young, drug-addled man, giving birth to the seminal cooing tone which changed the face of modern literature. Centring upon the tribulations of William Lee, a fictional character inspired by Burroughs' larger than life persona, the film treads a thin line between true-life reminiscences and hallucinatory imaginings. "Actually, I really

was under no compunction to follow Burroughs' life with any accuracy", Cronenberg clarifies, "Nor did Burroughs expect me to do so. In fact he didn't do it either. William Lee is not Bill Burroughs, Lee is Burroughs' persona, which is a quite different thing. Even though there is some sort of biographical material about Burroughs and his times in my movie, there really isn't anything that I would call biography. There is no attempt nor desire to be accurate. I talked to Burroughs about some very specific things - for example, Burroughs shot his wife, and I wanted my character to shoot his wife, and I wanted Burroughs to say that was OK, which he did. But I'm not suggesting that the circumstances of that act as depicted in my movie were the realities of the act in terms of Burroughs' life". Happily abandoning resto-

Burroughs' book, which is very fragmented and multi-layered, is really not translatable to film.

See, the *Mugwump Jam* tastes real good!



tions of realism much the same way that Burroughs' himself waved goodbye to 'rational thought' and behaviour, Cronenberg evokes a world of nightmarish hallucination, ably aided and abetted by special effects wunderkind Jim Isaac. One moment, William Lee's typewriter is turning into a giant insect which demands to be fed with words, the next he is beset by drug-dealing Mugwumps, huge animated rectums, and marauding, suppurating ex-blobs. Yet for all its visual weirdness, Cronenberg's movie remains underpinned by a strangely linear narrative, something which is entirely absent from the Burroughs' source material. Wasn't Cronenberg ever tempted to experiment with the radical montage of cut-up techniques which Burroughs pioneered in writing in the 1960s, and which the author believes are particularly suitable for the cinema medium?

"Well, let's remember that 'Naked Lunch' actually precedes Burroughs' discovery of cut-ups", retorts Cronenberg sharply, "So I don't think that's even slightly relevant here. Also, I was really making my movie, and I like narrative as a device. I don't mean the way that Hollywood uses narrative to drive a movie at the expense of everything else, but narrative can be a wonderful element which can twist and turn back on itself and so on. In 'Naked Lunch', Burroughs was not interested in the narrative form. There is no narrative in the book, there are no characters or recognisable human beings who have evolved and have a history and a future. I wanted all of those things in the movie."

He adds, "It is true that that makes the movie quite different from the book. But it was understood by me, (because I had no choice), and by Burroughs, (because he's smart), that this movie was going to be a creature on it's own, and it would be a kind of fusion of Burroughs and me. It was as if we'd gotten into *The Fly* telepod together and come out of another telepod as some creature which would not have existed separately. The movie is not something that Burroughs would have done, and it's also something that I would never have done - we did it together. And that is should be



Peter Weller in completive mood on the surreal interzone set

It was as if we'd gotten into *The Fly* telepod together and come out of another telepod as some creature which would not have existed separately.

different from my other films and from what Burroughs writes as only appropriate".

Although viewed by many as something of an auteur, Cronenberg has often used the work of others as a starting point for his films, neither *The Fly* nor *Dead Ringers* were Cronenberg's original conceptions, but both were made his own by the power of his unique vision. Only *The Dead Zone*, a Dino De Laurentiis/Stephen King adaptation

on which Cronenberg worked as a gun for hire, stands out as uncharacteristically impersonal, and strangely un-Cronenbergian. As a director who has built up such a strong personal mythology throughout the canon of his work, how did he feel about making his own games with those of a literary legend such as Burroughs?

"Two things here, firstly when I'm making films I'm never aware of how they will be per-

ceived in the canon of my work. I am really just trying to create the thing itself as a new being. It's like having a baby. Secondly, Burroughs has always been a major influence on my writing. There was an incredible recognition when I started to read Burroughs, like 'My God! This is in me too!' So that interlocking imagery is pretty natural with me and Burroughs. The problems was with things that were not natural or interlocking, and those were things I discussed with Burroughs. For example, I'm not gay and consequently I didn't know what the sexual sensibility of the film would be compared to the book. Also, Burroughs believes very strongly in a kind of Egyptian version of an afterlife; I absolutely do not. There are major differences that affect the shape of our work. But where the similarities exist there is a fairly natural and easy interlocking."

He continues, "I think Burroughs and I are very interested in metamorphoses, in transformation, and that naturally leads us both to attempt to have some understanding of the nature of



Left: Chris Wiles' sex insects effects



disease and the relationship of the human condition to disease. You could say that the drugs in Burroughs' writing, and the viruses in my films, are used metaphorically in the same way. They are both something that is potentially dangerous but also attractive, a very powerful agent of transformation. In a way, you give up your soul to either one of them, but in return you get another soul that may or may not be the soul that you're looking for...we're not sure."

And how did Burroughs himself react to Cronenberg's peculiarly fleshy and monstrous portrayal of his writing? "Well, Burroughs hasn't been on too many film sets", laughs Cronenberg. "And I don't think he's very cinematically literate. So he was just like a kid in a candy shop on set, taking delight in everything. I don't think he sees a lot of movies, but he loved what he saw in *Naked Lunch*. He loved my version of the Mugwump, and he loved the insect



Cronenberg, Burroughs and Weller have a creative threesome

typewriters, which were my invention. He told me, 'This is wonderful', my writer could relate to this', and he wanted to

take it home with him! Actually, we ended up giving him a Mugwump which he now has locked up in bondage in his bedroom!"



FACTFILE: THE COMPLETE CRONENBERG

Born May 15, 1943, Toronto.

FILM

TRANSFER (1986): director/screenwriter/director of photography/producer. (7 mins. 16mm.)

FROM THE GRAIN (1987): dir/screen/p. (14 mins. 16mm.)

STEREO (1988): s/c/p/d/p. (85 mins. 35mm.)

CRIMES OF THE FUTURE (1970): dir/screen/p. (85 mins. 35mm.)

SHIVERS/THE PARASITE MURDERS/THEY CAME FROM WITHIN (1974): d. (87 mins. 35mm.)

RABID (1976): d/c. (91 mins. 35mm.)

FAST COMPANY (1978): d/c/c. (91 mins. 35mm.)

THE BROOD (1979): d/c. (91 mins. 35mm.)

SCANNERS (1980): d/c. (103 mins. 35mm.)

VIDEODROME (1982): d. (89 mins. 35mm.)

THE DEAD ZONE (1983): d. (103 mins. 35mm.)

INTO THE NIGHT (1985): Cronenberg makes a cameo appearance in John Lyndia's romantic adventure. (115 mins.)

THE FLY (1986): d/c/c. (95 mins. 35mm.) Cronenberg comes as a gynecologist.

DEAD RINGERS (1988): d/c/c/c/p. (115 mins. 35mm.)

NIGHTWIRE (1989): Cronenberg stars as Dr. Decker in Clive Barker's horror fantasy. (102 mins.)



NAKED LUNCH (1991): d/c. (115 mins. 35mm.)

Cronenberg also receives 'character creation' credits on **THE FLY 2**, (d. Chris Walas, 1989, 104 mins.), **SCANNERS II: THE NEW ORDER**, (d. Christian Duguay, 1990, 109 mins.) and **SCANNERS III: THE TAKEOVER**, (d. Duguay, 1992, 101 mins.)

Future projects include **M. BUTTERFLY** and **CRASH**.

TELEVISION

Films for Canadian TV: dir/c/p. **JIM RITCHIE SCULPTOR**, **LETTER FROM MICHAEL ANGELLO**, **TOURETTES** (1971), **COOK VALLEY**, **FORT NEW YORK**, **LAKE SHORE**, **WINTER GARDEN**, **SCARBOROUGH BLUFFS**, **IN THE ORT**, (1972), (all 5/6 mins.)

SECRET WEAPONS (1977): d/p. Described by Cronenberg as "My suppressed film". An Emergent Films production for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp., (CBC), show Programme X', (27 mins. 16mm.)

Left: *Naked Lunch* Judy in disguise with hashish

THE VICTIM (1975): d. For CBC's 'Peep Show'. (27 mins. 2" VTR)

THE LIE CHAIR (1975): d. for CBC's 'Peep Show'. (27 mins. 2" VTR)

THE ITALIAN MACHINE (1976): d. for CBC's 'Teleplay'. (25 mins. 16mm.)

FAITH HEALER (1988): d. for Paramount's TV series 'Friday the 13th'. (47 mins.)

HYDRO (1989): d. 4 x 30 second commercials for Ontario Hydro, re: energy conservation.

CARAMILK (1990): d. 2 x 30 sec. commercials for William Nelson Ltd. to advertise Cadbury's Caramilk.

NIKE (1990): d. 1 x 15/4 x 30 sec commercials for Nike International's Nike Air 100 sneakers.

REGINA VS. HORVATH (1990): d. for CBC's 'Scales of Justice'. (48 mins. Betacam)

REGINA VS. LOGAN (1990): d. for CBC's 'Scales of Justice'. (44 mins. Betacam).

ZOMBIES ON STAGE

Shivers feature by David McGillivray

Justin Tanner and Andy Daley's frenetic horror comedy was obviously inspired by **Night of the Living Dead**. A group of old friends gathers at Aunt Eva's country cottage for a reason I can't remember. The only outsider, somebody's new girlfriend, is a witch whose successful spell to revive a dead cat accidentally has the same effect on the contents of the local graveyard. Carnage ensues.

Each night American audiences fall about at drug culture and heavy relationship jokes that wouldn't raise a titter in Britain. But the play is also spookily atmospheric and regularly produces screams. Tanner and Daley have drilled

their dedicated, hard working cast to the nth degree, and the pace, fuelled by lots of overlapping dialogue, builds to brilliantly choreographed mayhem as the zombies burst into the house. The undead are played by whoever happens to be available each night. The resulting spontaneity creates a real frisson making this a memorable chiller.

Zombies have also been on the loose at the even tiner La Borne Crepe cafe-theatre in South London. Here Paul Prescott's *Pervence Of The Atomic Zombie Things From Hell* is also a movie rip-off, this

time *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, (and other Cold War sci-fi). Un-known to most of London, Prescott has been churning out movie pastiches like this for years. I've also seen his stage version of a slasher movie. His trademarks are unbelievably resourceful sets built on a bathroom size stage for about £2.50, and elaborate music and effects tracks. Sometimes his shock effects raise goose-pimples. But unlike the L.A. boys, Prescott doesn't know when to stop, and 90 minutes without an interval in his back-room sweat-box can become unbearable.



Justin Tanner and Andy Daley's frenetic horror comedy was obviously inspired by **Night of the Living Dead**.

Below: The manic on stage mayhem. Right: Poster from the Los Angeles production



Currently there's no production of 'The Rocky Horror Show' in Los Angeles, and the field is wide open for a new late-night stage show to grab cult status. Prime contender is 'Zombie Attack!' which has been running at the tiny Cast theatre in Hollywood for nearly three years now. With skilful public relations, the play could easily succeed at a much larger venue and then internationally. It's tailor-made for such jamborees as the Edinburgh Festival fringe.



EXCITE ME

The Shock Horror Cinema of Sergio Martino

Shivers retrospective by Mark Ashworth

Part One:
Satanists,
Scorpions and
Seething Signoras

Juliet: "Another
girl slashed to
death..."

Carol: "We should
be grateful - he's
eliminating all our
competition!"

(Dialogue
between Edwige
Fenech and
Cristina Airoldi
from **Lo Strano**
Vizio Della
Signora
Wardh/Next!)

Although only a relatively small proportion of Sergio Martino's back catalogue, (encompassing some fifty features), running the gamut of Italian popular genres from saucy comedies to syrupy tear-jerkers), falls into the 'horror' category, he nevertheless deserves a special place in the affections of every serious *Pasta* Pausa connoisseur. His talismanic series of early Severian psycho-thrillers, and his lively adventures/horror cross-overs of a few years later, display both an assured approach to pulp storytelling and a ludicrous visual style which sticks papers over any cracks that may appear in the brisk, 'funnetti'-like plots.

Unfortunately, one of the drawbacks of operating at the unashamedly commercial end of Italian cinema is that unprejudiced critical appraisal

does not regularly come your way. There is an unfair tendency - even at fan level - to simply lump Martino in with such directors as Umberto Lenzi, (a frequent *Dama Film* stablemate), Giuliano Carnimeo and Franco Marzulli. All have produced work in a similar vein to Martino's but - with the notable exception of Carnimeo's *Perché? Quelle Strane Gocce Di Sangue Sul Corpo Di Jennifer Verbe Blue* (1972), have rarely achieved such engaging results. Phil Hardy's *The Aurum Film Encyclopedia*, Volume 3: 'Horror', one of the most sympathetic English-language review sources for continental genre product, can only bring it

self to make grudging concessions towards Martino's abilities when using *La Montagna Del Dio Cannibale/Prisoner of the Cannibal God* (1978), as a yardstick by which to damn Ruggero D'Astato's *Ultimo Mondo Cannibale/Cannibal* (1976). Elsewhere, the entries discussing Martino's pictures are particularly despondent.

In the case of *Il Tuo Vizio È Una Stanza Chiusa E Solo Io Ne Ho La Chiave/Excite Me* (1972), insult is added to injury by the inclusion of several factual errors, making it doubtful whether the reviewer has actually seen the film! Obviously sensationalist murder mysteries, like *I Corpi Presentano Trauze*

Unfortunately, one of the drawbacks of operating at the unashamedly commercial end of Italian cinema is that unprejudiced critical appraisal does not regularly come your way

The climactic bottle murder in
The Case of the Scorpion's Tail



Di Violenza Carnale/Torso (1973), are a world apart from the subtly shaded nuances of such universally revered Italian classics as **Freda's L'Orribile Segreto Del Dr. Hitchcock/The Terror of Doctor Hitchcock** (1962) or **Bava's Operazione Paura/Kill, Baby, Kill** (1966). However, they do possess a peculiar atmosphere and a compulsive vitality totally their own. So ease on those black leather gloves, pull the mask down over your face, and take a guided tour through the fabulous **gialli** of a criminally underrated talent.

Born in Rome, July 19, 1938, Sergio Martino began his movie career in 1963, working as an assistant to a clutch of respected names including Mario Bava, Mauro Bolognini and Brunello Rondi. After graduating to the post of production manager and various script-writing assignments, he finally got the chance to direct **Mille Peccati... Nessuna Virtù/Wages of Sin** (1966). Coming at the tail end of the **Mondo** cycle, this tabloid-style documentary - complete with ludicrous English commentary by Edmund Purdon - was released in Britain under the catch-penny title **Mondo Sex**. Martino next tied his hand at a western with **Arizona Si Scatenò... E Li Fecce Fuori Tutti/Arizona** (1970), but returned to the **Mondo** format with **America... Così Nuda, Così Violenta/Naked and Violent** (1970), again produced by his brother Luciano's Devon Film company.

By this time, Dario Argento's **The Bird With The Crystal Plumage** (1969) had made its presence felt at the box-office. Luciano Martino had already secured a foothold in horror history as co-writer of Bava's extraordinary **La Frusta E Il Corpo/Night is the Phantasm** (1963) and **Elle Scardamaglia's La Lama Nel Corpo/The Murder Cline** (1966). Now, with his brother at the directorial controls, he followed his commercial instincts in the terror-filled arena. Interestingly enough, the real antecedent of their last collaborative **giallo** does not appear to be Argento's picture: more **Romolo Guerman's convoluted Canal/ Baker starrer Il Dolce Corpo Di Deborah/The Sweet Body of Deborah** which Luciano had co-produced, with



By this time, Dario Argento's **The Bird With The Crystal Plumage** (1969) had made its presence felt at the box-office.

Edwige Fenech has a nightmare in **They're Coming To Get You**

Mino Loy, the year before **Crystal Plumage** went into production.

Lensed in 1970, **Lo Strano Vizio Della Signora Ward - The Strange Vice of Mrs. Ward** fits the contours of **The Sweet Body of Deborah** with the sweet, sticky blood of the slasher movie proper. The torpid tale of a diplomat's wife, (Edwige Fenech), with a secret blood fetish driving her into carnal frenzy wrote large the direction Martino would take with his chain of cheeky chillers. Utilising a host of audience double-crossing tricks - Ivan Rassimov taking his own suicide - and a gruesome sub-plot

featuring a sadistic razor-killer, screenwriters Eduardo M. Brochero and Ernesto Gastaldi fashioned a typically episodic script allowing Martino ample opportunity to play to the gallery.

Very appropriately for a film which begins by quoting Sigmund Freud, **Mrs. Ward** carries a strong undercurrent of sexual menace which forcefully comes to the surface during Fenech's violently erotic dream sequences. Along with a crisply suspenseful segment - Fenech and her husband, (Alberto de Mendosa), explore Rassimov's animal-filled house - these interludes represent the picture at its most effective. One wonderful

moment has a slow-motion shower of broken glass, (beautifully photographed by Emilio Fencott), cascade sensuously over the heroine's prone body. This atmosphere of sinful indulgence is enhanced perfectly by Nora Orlandi's haunting score. Orlandi, a vocal contributor on many **Stefano Gennari** composed soundtracks, displays motifs reminiscent of Spaghetti Westerns, heavy with shimmering organs and eerily distorted voices. As if taking cues, Martino extends the Cinecittà Cowboy theme into the visual fabric when veteran saddle-sculpt star **George Hilton** confronts Rassimov in the and Spanish countryside.

One of the most fascinating aspects of **Mrs. Ward** is the function of the mariscal slasher. Superficially he seems to be a red herring. Hilton wants rid of his heinous cousin, (Cristina Airoldi), and is prepared to take advantage of the psychopath's reign of terror. However, he's also considerably important to the smaller subplot. His murderous attacks on a selection of pretty blondes are all contained in the first two thirds - precisely the sections where the Freudian underpinnings are most powerful. In the same way Argento briefly allowed **Dana Niccolò's**



Janine Reynaud - a victim in **The case of the Scorpion's Tail**

character to come under suspicion in *Deep Red* (1975), Fenech is implicated as Aroldi's killer when Rasimov reveals her prirent predilections to the police. Significantly, when the maniac meets his demise at the hands of a potential victim, the piece shifts gear moving into more conventional thriller territory as the action transfers from Vienna to Spain. Once more the slasher reverts to red-herring status as we discover that de Mendosa, who is in league with Hilton, actually slaughtered Aroldi using copy-cat methods.

With the heroine seemingly a descendant of Dohila Law's sado-masochistic Navenka from *Night is the Phantom*, Mrs. Ward is my favourite Martino shocker. His undeniably zealous approach, together with the luridly deviant aura which seeps off the screen, makes this an irresistibly entertaining gem. Sadly never released in Britain, it was tailored to suit the American market by Pina Noveck under the title *Next!* Due to a mistake made at the time it first appeared, the direction is sometimes erroneously credited to Luciano Martino.

Like its predecessor, Martino's next giallo venture was an Italian/Spanish co-production between Devon Film and Madrid's Coprofilms. Al-



though more straightforward than *Next!* thematically, *La Coda Dello Scorpione/The Case of the Scorpion's Tail* (1971) is no less grisly, featuring several ankeringly shot, lively murders. Uruguayan heart throb George Hilton took the lead again, but this time his glamorous co-star was Swedish ice-queen Anita Sbrindberg. Boasting attractive Greek locations, the unspectacular plot of this glossy mystery revolves around a million dollar insurance

deal and the bloody exertions of English insurance investigator Peter Lynch (Hilton), willing to eliminate anyone who comes between him and the money.

Deprived of the perverse central impulse of *Mrs. Ward*, Martino sensibly exploits the bare story mechanics to create some eye-catching effects. The suspense highlight, stunningly captured by Emilio Fonso's sumptuous Technicolor photography, is Jesus Franco starlet Janine Reynaud's death

during a thunderstorm. Cross-cutting between shots of a front door lock, and her running towards it in slow-motion, Martino expertly succeeds in setting the nerves on edge, ending on a note of Grand Guignol with the terrified woman being chased around her apartment. Trapped against a window, she dies smearing her blood across the rain-splattered glass after the rubber-suited assassin slides her throat with a switchblade. Martino also provides a joltingly gory climax when Hilton bumps off his villainous accomplice as an uptempo Sousa-style march blares from the TV, the two men begin a vicious fight culminating in Hilton ramming a broken bottle into his victim's eye before piercing him through the heart.

The 'Scorpion' of the title is actually a cuff-link, providing the police with a vital clue to the puzzle. But the entomological reference could also be perceived as the key to the movie's stylistic thread. Martino has described his *Soviet-style* path as being "A little bit like Hitchcock", but of all his films, this one bears closest comparison to the work of Argento - the Italian Hitchcock. The subjective camera creeping up the steps to Reynaud's house, the gleaming knife blade punching a hole in her door, the bizarrely angled shots and loving close-ups of the murderer's black leather gloves, all carry an Argento-esque flavour. As if to underline the point, Bruno Nicolai's excellent score even borrows the characteristic strangled trumpet sound effect from both the *Crystal Plague* and *The Cat O'Nine Tails* soundtracks!

Certain moments also betray Martino's admiration for Mario Bava. The foreground placement of decorative ironwork and a brief scene where Hilton and Evelyn Stewart, (aka Ida Galli), take refuge in an old theatre's cluttered props room adds a pleasingly baroque touch. Although the presence of a penitently thin Sbrindberg doesn't really compensate for the absence of curvaceous Fenech, Martino's second chiller is still a highly watchable effort. Extra pleasure is afforded by the baleful appearance of another Franco acolyte, Luis Barboo, who meets a sticky end when his hands are slashed while hanging from Reynaud's roof

Deprived of the perverse central impulse of Mrs. Ward, Martino sensibly exploits the bare story mechanics to create some eye-catching effects.

The Case of the Scorpion's Tail: Above: Anita Sbrindberg falls under the Knife. Below: George Hilton is attacked



Following Bava's example, Martino's subsequent project placed heavy emphasis on the supernatural and gothic elements of its busy 'damsel in distress' plot. Set in London, **Tutti i Colori Del Buio/All the Colours of Darkness** (1972), documents the terror campaign Susan Scott, (Ana Nieves Navarro), wages on her neurotic younger sister, (Edwige Fenech) - an insidious play on the traumatic memories of their mother's murder and the employment of various sleazeballs to pose as members of a crazed Satanic sect. The twist ending introduces a genuinely paranormal aspect as the cold chill of fear awakens Fenech's dormant psychic capabilities. Rising manfully to the challenge, Martino responds to this material with an energetic arsenal of stylized effects - zip panning, shock cuts and, my favourite, throbbing zooms. The deliciously surreal opening montage - a hideous old hag moving like a clockwork doll, another with a grotesquely swollen stomach, a dagger plunging into a screaming woman's body, and a rapid back, (in negative) down a country lane - is as memorably disturbing as any-



The forbidding mansion used as the Satanists' haunt was also the setting for Hammer's *Demons of the Mind* (1971) and featured prominently on the cover of Toyah's 'The Blue Meaning' album.

thing dreamed up by David Lynch.

Similarly, the black magic orgies staged to frighten Fenech are a nightmarish delight with leering faces pressing into the camera lens and Eugenio Alabisio's mannered editing creating maximum disorientation. The less hyperbolic passages, particularly the domestic scenes between Fenech and her live-in lover, (George Hilton again), have a fairly claustrophobic quality. This, coupled with the allusion to a miscarriage Fenech's character has suffered as a result of a car crash, adds a sickly sense of domestic unease to the proceedings - a bleakness echoed by the Autumnal English locations, moodily photographed by Giancarlo Ferrando who shares a credit with Miguel F. Mita.

Incidentally, the forbidding mansion used as the Satanists' haunt was also the setting for Hammer's *Demons of the Mind* (1971) and featured prominently on the cover of Toyah's 'The Blue Meaning' album. Blessed with one of Bruno Nicolai's best ever scores - a necromantic symphony laced with doom-laden star, hypnotic chants and paranoid strings - the sensitive

main theme later appeared on the soundtrack of the saty Dick Randall produced Anita Ekberg vehicle *Casa d'Appuntamento/Bogeyman and the French Murders* (1973).

The most pleasing facet of the movie is Fenech's excellent performance as the insecure heroine. Of Maltese descent, she began her acting career as mere decoration in broad West German sex farces like Josef Zacher's *Allie Katchen Naschen Gern/The Blonde and the Black Pussycock* (1967). She gravitated more towards Italian productions after working on Guido Malatesta's *Il Figlio Di Aquila Nera/Son of the Black Eagle* and Ottavio Alessi's *Sensation/Top Sensation* (both 1968). Ironically, as the Seventies progressed, the almost abandoned idea of stardom to devote time to raising her son, Edwin. Thankfully her supportive parents persuaded her otherwise and she resumed her onscreen activities. After Mrs. Ward, Fenech became romantically linked with Luciano Martino, the reason she was regularly cast in his productions. Fenech's finest hour was in Martino's *Cometti Alla Crema/Custard Creations*

Above: The Satanic orgy in *They're Coming To Get You* Below: *The American Tearer* advert

(1981), starring Lino Barli, Gianni Cavina and Milona Vukotic, a brilliantly funny crazy-comedy outclassing anything Hollywood has produced in the past decade. Recently, Fenech has concentrated on light entertainment, presenting popular Italian TV shows like *Domancia In'*. She produced and starred in the mini-series *Surviving at the Top* and will do the same in Martino's *Delitti Provati*.

Another Italian/Spanish co-production between Lea Film, National Cinematografica and G. C. Astro, **All the Colours of the Darkness** remains unseen in Britain. In America a limited version was circulated by Sam Sherman's independent international company, with a new credit sequence designed by Bob Le Bar. Promoted as being filmed in 'Chili-o-sana', (wide-screen to you!), it played under the title *They're Coming To Get You* but has surfaced there as *Demons of the Dead* on TV. Sergio Martino's next goals would again borrow traditional horror motifs as his writers turned their attention towards Edgar Allan Poe. This time his work would be seen in Britain but not necessarily in the way it was intended...

Next issue, Mark Ashworth continues his terror theme in Part 2: *Hackawack Killers* and *Halter-Neck Tops*.

JOAN...she was a little bit on the wild side. The wildest thing of all was yet to happen. Overnight she was ONE OF THEM!



THEY'RE COMING TO GET YOU

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PINHEAD UNBOUND

Shivers interview by Alan Jones

Pinhead is back! The Black Prince of Hell from Clive Barker's box-office smash *Hellraiser* and the hit sequel *Hellbound: Hellraiser II* is reborn in blood and desire from his marble pillar prison to walk the earth again in search of more human souls to condemn to a living nightmare. Doug Bradley returns as the Cenobite you love to hate in *Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth* to cause more demonic havoc in the \$5 million continuation of the best-selling novelist's popular myth directed by Anthony (Waxwork) Hickox.

Alongside five new hand-made pseudo-Cenobites, Pinhead battles the forces of good, and his human alter-ego Elliot Spencer, (the soldier from *Hellbound*), to regain the Lament Configuration puzzle box from a TV newswoman that could hurt him back through the pleasure and pain dimensions forever.

Doug Bradley was born on September 7th 1954 in Liverpool. In the mid-1970s he teamed up with a number of schoolfriends to create an experimental theatre group called The Dog Company which toured Europe with the original plays 'Frankenstein in Love' and 'The History of the Devil'. The latter production found Bradley cast in a prophetic role as Satan, a part

one of his Dog Company colleagues would remember for future reference. For when his close friend Barker was planning *Hellraiser*, he wrote the 'Lead Cenobite' role with Bradley in mind. That was Bradley's sole credit on *Hellraiser* but audiences warmed to his character as the spokesperson for a quartet of immortalised creatures and gore fans dubbed him 'Pinhead'. *Hellraiser III* will mark the first time Bradley is actually called that name on screen - by a terrified Terry Ferrell playing his nemesis.

Pinhead's ever-growing popularity pleases both Barker and Bradley. He's a sex-symbol in Japan, a favourite convention speaker in America, and Pinhead's starting image now

graces worldwide merchandise from T-shirts and comic books to model kits and gag-saws. Further proof of Pinhead's cult status was shown when Hickox filmed an entire *Hellraiser III* action sequence on location in High Point, North Carolina. The local community turned out in force, staying well after midnight, just to catch a glimpse of the superstar Cenobite going about his explosive duties. And when Pinhead walked down South Elm Street, the irony wasn't lost on any observer.

Bradley remarked, "I've gotten used to being a cult figure now but all the attention came as a big surprise initially. When we made *Hellraiser* there wasn't an inkling in anyone's head, least of all mine, that this phenomenon was about to happen. It wasn't until after *Hellbound* I realised exactly what was occurring". But fan worship is something he can understand. "Because I was a huge fan of horror movies before I wanted to be an actor. So I can put myself very easily into the minds of the people who've taken the character to their hearts. I know where they're coming from and I'd probably be besotted by Pinhead myself if it wasn't me playing him and I was still 15 years-old".

However one thing Bradley will not do is play fast and loose with Pinhead's image. "I'll take the time to sign autographs and answer any fan mail but I do ponder each personal appearance request. It may sound pompous but, as an actor, I do care very strongly towards the character. My direct power over Pinhead is somewhat limited but I do try to retain his integrity". Bradley feels that way because he never wants to let Barker's original vision down as he explained, "One of the first qualities that attracted me about the character in Clive's first script was here was this, in heavy quotes, Monster, end

"I've gotten used to being a cult figure now but all the attention came as a big surprise initially."



Left: Pinhead emerges from the 'Killer Pillar'



As for the make-up chores Bradley sighed, "It remains a drag and always will be however much a part of the job it has become."

Hell On Earth's Unholy Trinity - director Anthony Hickox, Doug Bradley and co-editor Terry Farrell on the church set in North Carolina

quinta, that was prepared to stop and talk to you with gravity. He wasn't simply a silent axe-wielding Jason clone who stood at the end of dark alleys. Pinhead is highly articulate and there's this sense of an intelligent mind at work combined with a nobly dark ironic sense of humour".

Those key elements were an important part of Peter Atkins' *Hellraiser III* script and the reason why Bradley was very keen and delighted to tackle the role again. He enthused, "*Hell on Earth* takes Pinhead and his characteristics even further than Peter did in *Hellbound*. And it's Elliott Spenser's story too. It wasn't just going to be a typical *Dracula* sequel; O.K. he died at the end last time, so let's get him back to life in a quick pre-credits sequence and get on with it. The whole *Hellraiser III* plot is driven by Pinhead's re-incarnation and, in particular, resolving the conflict established at *Hellbound's* climax where he'd split into two - one part Cenobite, the other part Elliott. There's that back story and a great deal more excitement besides which run at parallel and finally meet at the end".

Yet playing two different

characters in the same movie has been a strange experience Bradley admitted. "While the Pinhead make-up obviously makes it easy to distinguish between the two performances, it's been weird playing them side by side. The other night I looked off with Elliott in army fatigues, then at 2 a.m. got made up as Pinhead. I walked on set and there was the stand-in I had to act against wearing full Pinhead rig, the only other person apart from me ever

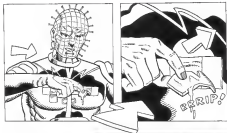
to be seen that way. Image Animation's Geoff Porteus wore the make-up briefly in *Hellbound*, but *Hellraiser III* is the first time someone else has worn the full costume and make-up. I didn't like it. It was strange and upset me a lot. I realised then how jealously protective of him I've become. As Pinhead I had to have an Elliott double too. So there were five versions of me on set that night, including the Elliott dummy we first used

in *Hellbound*. Talk about an ego-maniac's dream!".

As for the make-up chores Bradley sighed, "It remains a drag and always will be however much a part of the job it has become. Putting it on during *Hellraiser* was something of a semi-mystical process. The hours went by and I was magically transformed. That edge has long since vanished! Today, (October, 28th, 1991), numbers the 37th time I've worn the make-up in five years which mirrors my age exactly". The Image Animation five man crew have made the whole process easier this time according to Bradley. "My total look is slightly redesigned, going on in fewer face pieces than before. And the nails are plastic now. They were always metal before this picture. That helps them sit better on my face and is a lot more comfortable because I'm carrying less collective weight".

Bob Keen's Image Animation crew put the finishing touches to Doug Bradley's make-up





From Cranklewood in North London to Pinewood Studios and now North Carolina, the *Hellraiser* trilogy has covered a remarkable distance. Bradley added his thoughts on the other differences: "Obviously working with Clive on the first was an amazing experience as I'd known him for 20 years. His concern was always with the imaginative side of any project. He felt the acting could take care of itself and lived for the times his creative juices would start flowing. To have that as a starting point was invaluable. Creating Pinhead enabled him to give me so much inspiration on that level. Tony Randel had the toughest job of all with the sequel, usually a minefield for directors anyway. But Randel had to follow a hugely popular movie based on Clive's invented mythology, with his own concepts and make them work. I didn't envy him stepping into Clive's sizeable shoes. Randel's approach was very much to camera. That was the exciting challenge he offered and I welcomed it because I had the imaginative side of the *Hellraiser* myth pretty much ruled down by then."

He continued, "*Hellraiser III* was going to be a thrill whoever directed as it's the first time I've worked in the States. *Hellbound* was different to *Hellraiser* because it was entirely fantasy based. We went to Hell early on and stayed there. *Hell on Earth* is another contrast. Pinhead is here, now, freed from the Lament Configuration box having lost his human conscience. It's a darker, nastier vision of Pinhead than

Hell on Earth has the potential to be the strongest episode of all

has ever been presented before. And Anthony Hickox has met that challenge head on. We've talked a lot and he said he felt nervous giving directions to someone who's played Pinhead twice before. I assuaged his trepidation by telling him it was nearly four years since I last had the make-up on, this was such a different spin on the character anyway, and I needed as much help as I could get. Although Tony is dizzying with his camera moves, I've found he's very much on the actor's side."

The only downpoint to Hickox's approach was the compact and arduous 50 day shoot said Bradley. "Clearly Tony enjoys working fast and doesn't mind the long hours. Yesterday I clocked up my longest day ever, 17 hours in total. It has to be fast to achieve everything in the six weeks Trans Atlantic Entertainment, (who bought the sequel rights from New World Pictures), allotted the production. But you can't linger to get

things right and that's frustrating. I've occasionally felt rushed but more often I've felt we were just working quickly. Perhaps working too slowly would have killed off any necessary spontaneity."

Hellraiser III dismisses with a black inversion of the Holy Sacrament. Pinhead shutters stained glass church windows, causes altar candles to flare like flamethrowers and mimes a priest when he utters the line "Thou shalt not bow down before any graven image except me, for I am the way". This controversial sequence is one Bradley calls "Pinhead's apotheosis". North Carolina being at the heart of the Bible Belt, the set was closed for obvious reasons, although it didn't stop religious crew members from strongly registering their disapproval. Bradley countered, "I don't look upon things like this as sacrilegious. I don't understand the notion of blasphemy or how, when people

believe in something and claim to have an absolute faith, any amount of ridicule can shake their conviction. Personally it doesn't concern me. Pinhead playing around with Christian symbolism in Church is perhaps the most crucial scene image-wise ever created in the three movies so far. Pinhead isn't taking any of it seriously. It's just a big joke to him. Don't we all have an inalienable right to be shocked and offended? You can't spend time pussyfooting around because something might upset people."

With Peter Atkins and Image Animator's Bob Kean, Bradley completes the trio dubbed 'The Guardians of Clive Barker's Myth' on *Hellraiser III*. Barker had to bow out from being involved due to book loan publicity commitments and executive producer chores on *Candy Man*. Based on the positive preview reaction towards *Hell on Earth*, Barker will definitely play a more active role in the already planned *Hellraiser IV*. But his creation was in safe hands as Bradley pointed out. "If every movie started from scratch it would be a nightmare. We know we must all be beholden to Clive's aesthetic and remember how it started. I'm satisfied we've been able to move tangentially away from Clive's concept without losing the genius he invested in the genesis of *Hellraiser*. *Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth* has the potential to be the strongest episode of all because while a lot of familiar territory may be covered, exciting new ground is too which doesn't lose the ethos we must hold so dear to our hearts."



Concept design for the pseudo-Cenobite 'Pistonhead'

TETSUO II

- The Body Hammer

Shivers review by Nigel Floyd

Director: Shinya Tsukamoto.

Stars: Tomoroh Taguchi, Nobu Kanaoka,

Tsukamoto, Sujin Kim, Hideaka Tezuka, Nobu Asada.

Special Effects: Takashi Oda, Kan Takahama, Akira Fukaya.

Music: Chu Ishikawa.

Japan. 1991. 91 mins.

Introducing his latest film at the Furtasporto Film Festival in Portugal, Japanese film-maker Shinya Tsukamoto explained through a translator that the most important difference between the original and the sequel was that while *Tetsuo* had been made in black and white, *Tetsuo II* was shot in colour! More seriously, he went on to say that *The Body Hammer* was quieter, more normal, at times quite serene (!), and that it paid greater attention to the causes of the extreme violence it portrayed. It must be said his claims were slightly exaggerated, and the technically

and artistically superior follow-up will not disappoint those who revelled in *Tetsuo*'s mutant-machine madness.

Not so much a sequel as a radical re-working of the original *The Body Hammer* replaces monochrome images, industrial noise and revolting, screw-threaded metal penises with

near monochrome images, industrial music and a more sophisticated version of Tsukamoto's post-modern 'body horror'. H.R. Giger's bio-mechanoid designs for *Alien* again come to mind, as does David Lynch's penchant for industrial architecture, the central body-machine melding night

The Body Hammer replaces monochrome images, industrial noise and revolting, screw-threaded metal penises with near-monochrome images, industrial music and a more sophisticated version of Tsukamoto's post-modern 'body horror'



also be seen as echoing Seth Brundle's fusing with the telepod in Cronenberg's *The Fly*. Admirers of Katsuhiro Otomo's *Akira* will already have noticed the name Tetsuo is derived from a character in that futuristic animated movie: one who fashions a bio-mechanical arm for himself by sheer force of will. Like fragments of metal attracted to a powerful electro-magnet, these themes and images attach themselves to Tsukamoto, and are then forged in the furnace of his imagination into something new. Weaving your influences on your sleeve is never enough, however, and Tsukamoto pushes beyond them into a bizarre, sad-erotic realm that is all his own.

Following the *Tetsuo II* plot is almost as difficult as in the original. Tsukamoto scorches our retinas with shiny images, flash-frames and frenetic chases, but the staccato scenes and cryptic dialogue are often oblique to the point of obscurity. In the opening scene, a man sees a drunk shot dead under a bridge at night; turning, he sees a plume of smoke rise from the arm of the killer, a young skinhead who then dons a uniform emblazoned with a large X. Immediately, we cut to scenes inside what looks like an non-smelting plant. Things become clearer when the central character, Targuchi (Tomoroh Taguchi), wakes from a dream about his childhood: adopted at



Tsukamoto scorches our retinas with shiny images, flash-frames and frenetic chases

age eight, he remembers nothing of his life before that, but wonders whether these are images from his lost past. Then, while shopping with his wife Kana (Nobu Kaneko), Targuchi is 'shot' in the chest by two skinheads who kidnap their young son Minos. Targuchi gives chase through a maze of city streets and, finally confronting them, experiences a bodily change that seems linked to his murderous rage.

Later, Targuchi himself is kidnapped by The Guy (Tsukamoto), who attaches him to a machine allowing access to memories of his childhood. These cause him to undergo a horrific bodily transformation: a

gun barrel emerges from his chest and he kills one of his two skinhead captors. Fleeing through a scrapyard, he kills the second and returns to his apartment, where - in a quiet and touching scene - his frightened wife recoils from him, hiding under the bedcovers with their dead son's toys and family photos. As Targuchi/The Body Hammer undergoes a series of increasingly radical bodily transformations, and moves inexorably towards a violent showdown with The Guy, the action cuts between mutant machine mayhem, homo-erotic images of sweaty skinhead disciples working out in their muscle factory, and more

serene flashbacks to Targuchi's initially idyllic but increasingly disturbed past. What he finds buried in his memory is not an ideal childhood: but a nightmare in which his father encourages him to develop 'L'arme Humaine' - a revolver-arm which when pointed at the family dog kills it stone dead. This is what has been buried in his unconscious all along, the knowledge that within him lurked the mutant genes of The Body Hammer. 'You became scared of yourself', says The Guy, 'Because you found beauty in destruction'.

Although shot in colour, *Tetsuo II* employs a limited range of blues, greys, silvers and blacks, thereby emphasising the metal sheen of its polished surfaces. Only rarely, when Targuchi flees across the scrapyard and picks up a bright yellow plastic telephone, does Tsukamoto exploit colour to great effect. The imagery, though, is far from restrained near the end, the triumphant Body Hammer taps the brains of his skinhead disciples with tubes inserted through their foreheads. What the serenely quiet but unmistakably apocalyptic coda means is not clear. What is clear is how Tsukamoto has absorbed his diverse comic-book and cinematic influences into a violent, fetishistic vision that fuses avant-garde abstraction and cult metal machine madness.

Director Shinya Tsukamoto

SHINYA TSUKAMOTO FACTFILE

Born Tokyo, 1960. Began making Super-8 films at age 14. In 1979, he built mobile theatres to show seven of these shorts. In 1982, he graduated from the Fine Art Department of Nihon University, joined an advertising company and, from 1983, directed commercials. In 1985, he left his job to concentrate on acting and film-making and founded the Kagyu Theatre drama group. He's now a full-time film-maker.

Filmography

Various Super-8 shorts including: *Genchi-Sen* (1974), *Tsubase* (1980), *Futaba-Size No Kijin/The Phantom of Regular Size* (1986), *Denchu Kozo No Boken/Adventures*

of Denshu Kozo (1987).

Tetsuo/Tetsuo: The Iron Men, (1989), director/ screenwriter/ editor/ producer/ special effects/ co-photographer with Kei Fujiwara. Played the 'Young Metals Fetishist'. 67 mins. Black and white. 16mm. Blow-up to 35mm.

Hinoku Yokai Hunter/Hinoku the Goblin, (1990), director/ screenwriter. 88 mins. Colour. 35mm.

Tetsuo II: The Body Hammer, (1991), director/ screenwriter/ editor/ producer/ photographer. Played The Guy. Colour. 16mm. blow-up to 35mm.



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"Nobody likes a smart alec. So when *Shivers* needed somebody to answer reader's questions, they sent for me. I can virtually guarantee that I won't know the answer to any questions you care to ask. But I've been in the game since Sean Connery had hair! And since I had hair, come to that. So I know where to go to get the information. Send me any questions, so long as it's about horror and related movies. And try and make it interesting. Will there be a *Jaws* 5? Is always going to be held over until the next issue.

Whatever happened to Jeff Lieberman, who directed the brilliant *Squirm*?

Gary Bryant, Swandhoe, Derby.

He went on to make two more interesting horrors, *Blue Sunshine* (1977) and *Just Before Dawn*, then disappeared until 1988, when he came up with *Remote Control* about extra-terrestrial video that turn viewers into psychos. It was one of Kevin Dillon's first films, Jennifer Tilly is his girlfriend. I have seen it, but *Shivers* editor Alan Jones rates it. Check it out on Fox video. Now *Squirm 2* is on the cards.

I heard that several 'Video Nasties' are about to be re-released in Britain. Is that true?

Left: Jeff Lieberman's *Blue Sunshine*; Right: Juliette Lewis in *Life on the Edge*

INQUISITION

Shivers Q&A by David McGillivray

Dermot Sullivan, Witleyn Garden City, Herts.

Yes, thanks to VHS video boss Mike Lee. "My intention is to release a substantial number of previously unavailable horror films", Mike tells me. "It's time they were re-evaluated". Too true. Unfortunately most of the slashers on his release list are now legally obscene in this country and can't be shown again without judicious pruning. Currently back on video shelves are a cut version of *The Bogey Man* and the version of *Zombie Flesh Eaters* which originally played British cinemas. Mike expects *The Driller Killer* to be passed shortly with small cuts and plain packaging, (it was this video's blood-spattered sleeve that triggered the whole 'Video Nasty' business in 1983). Also under consideration are *The Slayer*, *Flesh for Frankenstein* and Tobe Hooper's *Death Trap*.

At the 1989 'Shock Around The Clock' horrorfest, I saw *Life on the Edge* and was really im-

pressed by Juliette Lewis, who played the daughter. Is this Juliette Lewis now starring in *Cape Fear*?

Casey, London E.5.

Yes, same actress. Juliette spent most of her short career playing the daughter in domestic drama. Now it's paid off with *Cape Fear* for which she was nominated as Best Supporting Actress Oscar for her role as the widowed teen. Born in California in 1975, she's the daughter of actor Geoffrey Lewis, whose genre films include *Human Experiments* (1960), *Night of the Comet* (1964) and *Out of the Dark* (1968). Juliette was Emmy-nominated for her very first screen role in the cable TV miniseries *Home Fires* (1987). She then went into the TV-series *Married Dora* starring Elizabeth Pena. In 1988 she had a smallish role in *My Stepmother Is An Alien*. The following year she was in *Life on the Edge*, which flopped and was re-released as *Meet the*

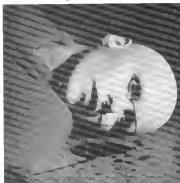
Hollowheads, and was the daughter yet again in *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation*. She finally came of age in the NBC Movie of the Week *Too Young to Die* (1990) in which she was a teenager charged with murder. The same year she was in TV's *A Family For Joe* and *The Wonder Years*. We've yet to see her in two films she made last year, *Crooked Hearts* with Vincent D'Onofrio and Jennifer Jason Leigh, and *That Night* starring somebody called Elizabeth Dushka. She's currently starring in Woody Allen's latest unlisted project and is slated for the remake of the Pith thriller *Beyond a Reasonable Doubt*. By the way, she's on film with Johnny Seidler's Brad Pitt, Thelma's husband in *Thelma and Louise*.

You said elsewhere that *The Punisher* was censored by 70 seconds in Britain. What was it and why?

J. Seiter, Dagenham, Essex.

The BBFC is very touchy when it comes to the glorification of dangerous weapons. According to it's Annual Report, *'The Punisher'* featured a wide range of exotic weaponry presented in a adult comic-book style. Crossbones were out for film and video, as were metal stars, blades protruding from boots, spikes thrown through a man's palm, and a spiked metal

"Nobody likes a smart alec. So when *Shivers* needed somebody to answer reader's questions, they sent for me.



sphere in a man's throat! And orgy of destruction in a gambling club was also reduced for '18', and removed altogether was the sight of a gun forced deep into a man's mouth before firing!

I've always been fascinated by a line in John Travolta's autobiography 'What the Devil Saw', which reads 'The worst I ever saw was a film called **Mark of the Devil**, made by a young British director for a German company'. Who was this director and what became of him?

Leslie Gaynor,
Lincoln.

The man in question is actor-turned-director Michael Armstrong, and **Mark of the Devil**, made in 1970, is his last film to date. Since then, however, he's been involved in some extraordinary projects in every conceivable medium. During the Seventies he mainly wrote sex comedies - **Eekimo Nell** (1974), **Adventures of a Taxi Driver** (1975) and many more - but was also responsible for the script of the unfilmed Sex Pistols movie **A Star is Dead** (1978). At the end of the decade he got involved with a company called Maiden Music, which collapsed in 1981 leaving a stockpile of self-born Armstrong projects. They included a series of puppet films and a multi-million dollar live action/cartoon combo called **The Enchanted Orchestra**. Michael knuckled down to scripting *The Professionals* and *Shogun*, and

between 1982-3 wrote three fantasy shorts later linked and issued on video as **Scream Time**. In 1983 he wrote Peter Walker's last film to date: **House of Long Shadows**. The following year he went to Los Angeles and stayed. He failed to find finance for a feature film called **Orphanage**. Instead he wrote unfilmed screenplays for producer Sandy Howard and wrote and directed a stage musical called *My Jewish Vampire*. In 1989 he was tempted to Paris to write three more screenplays (all unfilmed). He returned to England in somewhat reduced circumstances and was obliged to serve behind the bar at the Top Rank club in Reading. Back on his feet in 1990, he wrote and directed the Christopher Lee prologue added to the video reissue of the silent **The Phantom of the Opera**. Last year he produced a stage thriller 'The Kidnap Game' at the Theatre Royal, Windsor. In his spare time Michael has always taught drama. "I started teaching at the Italia Conti stage school when Peter Duncan was sixteen, so work it out", he says. Two years ago he formed his own drama school, the Armstrong Arts Academy, whose debut production, *The Illustrated Games People Play*, begins a two week run at London's Link theatre on 20th. May.

Below: One of the reasons why **The Bogey Man** was labelled a Video Nasty



COMPETITION

Here's your chance to win not one, not five, not even ten... but the full sixteen title range in the Palace Video Horror Collection. The package includes everything from the cult classics **Night of the Living Dead**, **Baskat Case**, **Evil Dead 1 & 2**, **The Hills Have Eyes**, **Santa Sangre** and **Carnival of Souls** to the war-dooms **Brain Damage**, **Creepers**, **Edge of Sanity**, **Night of the Demons**, **Vampires at Midnight**, **Trick or Treat** and **Dream Demon**. The five lucky winners will also receive the **Terror in the Aisles** documentary and Palace's latest horror release **The Howling VI: The Freaks**.

Can you afford not to enter this competition? Just send the four answers to those not so hard questions to the address printed on the *Shivers* contents page. Good luck!

- 1) **Santa Sangre** and **Creepers** share a common link. What is it?
- 2) He's the deformed creature in **Baskat Case**. What's his name?
- 3) Who directed the recent colour remake of **Night of the Living Dead**, still strangely unreleased in Britain?
- 4) **Edge of Sanity** is an update of a classic horror story. Which one?

Answers on a postcard to
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Actor Julian Sands on why he's undead in Deftford for **Tale of a Vampire**...French horror director Gaspar Noe and his underground shocker **Carne**...the producer of **The Flesh Eaters** tells the full story behind this 1964 gore classic soon-to-be released uncut on video...an interview with Joe D'Amato on the set of **Frankenstein 2000**...Part 2 of our exhaustive Sergio Martino retrospective...Peter Firth stars in the British serial killer thriller **White Angel**...plus the usual news, views and reviews...



THE DEVIL AND MR STANLEY

Shivers report by Alan Jones

Hardware only cost \$1 million to produce, so it's not surprising the same cartel of Palace Pictures, Film Four International, British Screen and Miramax would cough up five times that amount for Stanley's latest controversial shocker.

The arid Namib desert can play strange tricks on the mind. Is that sandy open-air cinema really showing *The Bird With The Crystal Plumage*? No, not really, but the set dressing of this faded poster for Dario Argento's first giallo movie hints at the many Italian influences Stanley has incorporated into a score scenario he calls, *"A Dry*

White Season meets *El Topo* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*". The South African born 28 year-old adds, "Some years ago I was travelling across the desert by train which pulled into a small town. I left the place quickly because I found it very quiet and boring. Six months later I read that innumerable body parts were found in the boot of an abandoned car there. I was curious about the fact that though the place seemed so dull, there were people living there who were cutting up bodies and despoiling them. South Africa really is insane, it has the world's highest slaying

rate. There's so much psychopathic rage there which hasn't been properly looked at".

This 1982 event inspired Stanley to make a 16mm short film on the subject while attending film school at Cape Town. Post-*Hardware* he decided to expand it into a full-length feature after hearing more about the fantasy elements local legend had grafted onto the gruesome happenings. "Because the killer seemed uncatchable by the police, supernatural overtones were attached to the slayings. When they finally did apprehend him, the police shot off his head and he was never identified. This of course added more heightened reality colour to the tale and even a conspiracy theory". That was Stanley's cue to add many African tribal myths to the core true story and take it to further metaphysical planes.

"I infused Bushman myths about the 'Nightwalker', a shape-shifting black magician-outs-vampire who turns into a hyena and sidewinder snake, with the vanishing hitchhiker and 'Man

Going to the 'Devil' in South West Africa is easy. All you have to do is follow the sign posts pointing the way into the heart of the Namibian desert. For at the end of this

'Highway to Hell' is a cluster of vans, catering tents and imported camera equipment signifying the location for director Richard Stanley's *Dust Devil*. This supernatural serial killer thriller is Stanley's follow-up to *Hardware*, the hi-techno-punk sci-fi movie that to date has grossed a phenomenal \$70 million worldwide.

I left the place quickly because I found it very quiet and boring. Six months later I read that innumerable body parts were found in the boot of an abandoned car there.



Left page: Director Richard Stanley on location in Namibia

This page left: the head-bursting climax
Below: Robert Burke in Hitch In *Dust Devil*





Would you hitch a lift from this man?

With No Name's ideas, while conforming to the travelling serial killer theme laid down by *The Silence of the Lambs*.

Indeed Stanley takes many ingenious detours in *Dust Devil*, ones he feels are mainly inspired by Sergio Leone. "Stylistically *Dust Devil* is another marriage between Italian pathos and spaghetti westerns. In Leone's *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, cynical privateers looked for buried gold against an American Civil War backdrop. My *Dust Devil* characters weave in and out of similar historical events because I updated the murders to run parallel to Namibia's bloody fight for independence from South Africa in 1988. If *Hardware*'s overall look was orange, red and fiery hell, *Dust Devil* is a burnt down sepe reckoning Leone's brown colour and in *Once Upon A Time In The West*. Then watercolour shades of lavender blue and turquoise seep in to represent the magical happenings. I was very impressed by Michele Soavi's *The Sect* and used his idea of shimmering Virgin Mary blues to similarly represent the forces of God".

Dust Devil follows the twisted fates of three characters: Hitch,

Dust Devil follows the twisted fates of three characters: Hitch, a drifter with a past as chilling as his ice-blue eyes out to satiate his abnormal appetites, Wendy Robinson, a young South African woman on the run from a bankrupt marriage and an abusive husband, and Ben Mukurob, a near-retired policeman.

a drifter with a past as chilling as his ice-blue eyes out to satiate his abnormal appetites, Wendy Robinson, a young South African woman on the run from a bankrupt marriage and an abusive husband, and Ben Mukurob, a near-retired policeman who is trying to crack a series of unsolved murders to

stone for a past nightmare judgement. "My original short focused mainly on Hitch and Wendy because I was more interested in developing the theme of the restless spirit, an angel of destruction, top-dancing on deserted highways". Shaming in Stanley's *The Hitcher on Satan* are Robert

(*Robocop 3*) Burke, Chelsea (The Dark Half) Field and Zakes Mokae. Mokae appeared in Wes Craven's *The Serpent and the Rainbow* which Stanley thinks has a similar starting point to *Dust Devil* as he explains. "Both kick off with true stories and deal with ancient African cultures virtually unknown to Western audiences. Whereas Craven had no real experience of the Haitian voodoo subject matter he was handling, I do know all about witchdoctors and the authentic locale they practise in". He continues, "Cutting Zakes was an audacious move on my part. Ben is a South African policeman which is a complete role reversal from the types Zakes has played in movies like *Cry Freedom*. Here he's the cop who comes into the interrogating room, an idea you really have to grapple with. He's someone who genuinely cares for the land and is proactive towards it. But because he's from the old regime, he's damned for it, and it's a terrible contradiction".

And that's why *Dust Devil* isn't just horror entertainment notes Stanley. "Ben has lost

An autopsy is carried out on one of the supernatural serial killer's victims





Robert Burke and Chelsea Field on the run from South African law and disorder

touch with his African roots. My own emotions and personal feelings in this political arena are expressed through Zakos' interpretation of the role. The main problem I have with my home country is, that no matter who's in charge, great offence seems to be taken towards the indigenous tribes. I don't understand why thousands of years of gods and traditions are being so coldly denigrated. **Dust Devil** is my strong argument why these cultures should be preserved and treasured. Namibia is certainly a very peaceful country for an African republic. People aren't living in fear. But at the same time my movie is equivocal about whether it is a hope for the future and a model for a free South Africa.

The decision the cast Robert Burke was an easy one to make according to Stanley. "My gut feeling was always to use a relatively unknown face. But the devil has to be sexy. I did a poll amongst my female friends as to who was the sexiest man around. Clint Eastwood came top. So when I saw Robert's incredible screen debut in Ital Hartley's **The Unbelievable Truth**, where he admittedly plays a similar character to Hitch, I knew I had my potential

Dust Devil is virtually uncategorisable because it's about the politics of magic, none of that mundane Poltergeist stuff!

new Eastwood. He had that look in his eyes and his Nazi Aryan features worked for the part as the forces of darkness can be channelled well through blonds. Although a star on the rise, Robert was willing to involve himself in vicious sex scenes and behave like a dog, something he does in one outrageous scene. It isn't just Hitch who's on the edge. Most of the characters are always on the verge of blowing someone away. While it may be obvious Hitch is responsible for the killings, the others aren't too far behind him. Wendy starts brandishing a shot-gun, her husband pursues her also armed to the teeth, and even Ben is ready

to shoot at the climax.

Dust Devil opens with a murder Stanley calls "Something of an endurance test. It's a taboo moment of shattering shock horror where a woman is sexually abused, tortured and eventually killed. If you can make it through the first ten minutes then you'll be able to take the unrelenting sexual and racial issues I raise. The whole point of **Dust Devil** concerns the fragility of reality. You never know if Hitch is just another nutter on the loose or a real demon. Even the grand finale doesn't resolve that. And I don't just tear bodies apart. The characters' moralities are destroyed too in a gory sun-

realistic fashion. What you see in **Dust Devil** is pretty absurd as well as very shocking". All the gore and prosthetic work, which often melted in the scorching heat before they could be used, were handled by Little John and Chris Halls, once part of Bob Keen's Image Animation crew, now key members of Geoff Portas' Breakaway team Dream Machine.

Dust Devil was shot over eight weeks last Summer on location in Namibia because, "No one could interfere with what we were doing. Rushes took two weeks to get back to the London home base so it was impossible for anyone to order reshoots as we'd have already struck the sets by then". But Stanley points out, "It certainly wasn't cheaper to film in Namibia as we had to air-lift in standard equipment because no film industry exists there". However he adds, "I purposely wrote the script around real places I knew about. For example, the final showdown takes place in the actual ghost town of Kolmanskop. Because Namibia was the last bastion of German colonisation, all the houses were built in a Bavarian Gothic style. Half buried in the sand, these grand **Psycho** houses in corrugated iron make for a very strange and wonderful contrast. Kolmanskop looks like something Steven Spielberg art-directed and then left behind for some reason".

With a soundtrack composed again by Simon Boswell, **Dust Devil** represents a quantum leap over **Hardware** on practically every artistic level remarks Stanley. "It puts black magic back in the jungle where it belongs. It comes from my head and heart and was a more positive experience in every way. **Hardware** was too unambitious in retrospect. **Dust Devil** is virtually uncategorisable because it's about the politics of magic, none of that mundane **Poltergeist** stuff! It's rooted in real life and a real place, yet plays like a horror fantasy because it deals with the tricky, illusory nature of a genre I love. I suppose I've turned Namibia - the last location on Earth that hasn't been seen to death on screen - into a landscape of dreams more than anything else. Indeed, it's very close to what I dream of at night..."



Robert Burke arrives at the ghost town

BODY PARTS

Directed by Eric Red
Starring Jeff Fahey, Lindsay Duncan, Brad Douv, Zakes Mokae

CIC Video Released June 12th
Unfortunately for director Eric Red, Paramount chose to release his latest movie in the States the same weekend a certain Milwaukee-based serial killer was unveiling a few body parts of his own to the world. The film quickly, and quietly, disappeared in the name of potential bad taste, ensuring a straight-to-video release over here. Which is a shame, because **Body Parts** is not at all bad.

Based on the novel *Choice Cuts* by Les Diableaux authors Balesau-Nerosso, **Body Parts** deals with criminal psychologist Bill Cruckshank (**Lawnmower Man's** Fahey), who having lost an arm in a traffic accident, has a new limb experimentally grafted on. Things appear to be going well, until Bill learns that the arm previously belonged to mass murderer Charley Fletcher (John Walsh), as did another arm, a pair of legs, and possibly even a head which have been grafted to other needy patients. Now Bill's having a few problems with his arm — hitting his kids, strangling his wife, that kinda thing — and it looks as if Charley wants to be a whole man again.

Boasting high production values, strong performances — Fahey, and especially Lindsay Duncan as the mysterious doctor behind the experimental surgery — and with its emphasis firmly set on the psychological over the visceral, **Body Parts**

VIDEODROME

Shivers reviews by Bob McCabe

works well for the most part, with psychologist Cruckshank moving from a man who seeks to understand the psychology of violence, gradually finding himself succumbing to the evil of the flesh. Unfortunately, things tail off somewhat around the mid-way point, with characters such as Zakes Mokae's detective, and ideas such as the power of Charley's arm over Bill's body left sadly underdeveloped. Red compensates for this with some impressive set pieces — a car chase with Bill handcuffed between two cars for instance, and an early hospital scene, in which armed guards carry shotguns whilst wearing surgical greens and witnessing a dissection, is particularly memorable.

CAST A DEADLY SPELL

Directed by Martin Campbell
Starring Fred Ward, David Warner, Julianne Moore, Alexandra Powers
Warner Home Video Released April 24th

"Los Angeles, 1948
Everybody that magic."
Everybody that is except H. Phillip Lovecraft (Ward), a hard bitten, Chanderesque private eye. In a time where voodoo dolls are considered murder weapons, vampires reside in jail, and the police force has a tough time on the night of a full moon dealing up all those werewol-

ves, Lovecraft prefers the old fashioned way. Thus he is hired by eccentric millionaire David Warner to retrieve a book — the *Necronomicon* no less — in time for Warner to bring forth the lord of darkness and dominate the universe.

Produced by Gale Ann Hurd, this genre bending detective/horror movie spoof is a quiet delight. *Something* writer Joseph Dougherty's script crackles with wit and snappy dialogues of the "you just missed the 11" that saved the world" variety, with Ward on excellent form as the Lovecraftian 'tec hero. In-jokes abound, virgins hunt unicorns, gnomes live in car engines, and the devil does indeed rise from the depths of a magic housing estate. A made for cable movie in the States, **Cast a Deadly Spell** boasts wit, originality and a successful mix of styles.

SCHIZO

Directed by Manny Coto
Starring Lisa Ann, Aron Eisenberg, Christopher McDonald, James Purcell, Vincent Schaevel
Madusa Home Video Released May 13th 1992

Archaeologist Chris Hayden, plagued by nightmares of the brutal murder of his family in a Yugoslavian monastery, opts to return to the site to complete his father's work. His father was searching for the burial chamber

of a ten-year-old boy prince, renowned for his sadistic methods of peasant torturing. What Chris finds is Daniel, his imaginary boyhood friend, who bears more than a passing resemblance to the prince in his choice of games. And Chris is becoming a perfect playmate.

A psychological thriller that loses some of its effectiveness by ultimately relying on cheap FX — the boy prince, and even cheaper dialogue — killer quips à la Freddy et al. That's not to say that **Schizo** doesn't have its moments — the tortuous death of a photographer and his girlfriend, by spikes and buzzsaw respectively, and a psycho cameo from Vincent Schaevel, are all nicely played. Unfortunately, McDonald's central performance lacks anything approaching conviction, and the film quickly sinks into a series of pick and driven false endings, before finally settling on a non-gratuitous twist.

MUTRONICS

Director: Screaming Mad George
Stars: Mark Hamill, Jack Armstrong, David Gale
Released: May 13, (Madusa Home Video)

FX whiz Screaming Mad George turns co-director for a movie originally titled *Guyver* named for a device that encases its wearer in a suit of impenetrable armour. Loosely based on Japanese comic book characters, the Guyver is being hunted by a group of super-mutants — the Zonoids — currently residing in downtown

Below: Freakout Blood Spattered Schizo



Right: Mutronics get ahead!

L.A. They've lost it! CIA man Mark Hamill wants to find it. But passer by martial artist Jack Armstrong's got it - unfortunately embedded in the back of his skull. As produced by Brian Yuzna, (who with George's assistance was responsible for the infinitely more interesting *Society*), this is a curious attempt to make a slightly grainer rip-off of *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, moaning 'humour' with martial arts with mutabons - the mutants themselves are a wacky bunch of bungling, fun-loving monsters, who crack jokes along with heads, and even rap when appropriate. Although coming from such renowned FX-perts, most of what's on offer here is of the tacky man-in-rubber-suit variety, despite some classier work on the Guyver (but) and the occasional human cockroach. Derivative, dire and disappointing, the presence of Mark Hamill only serves as a reminder that *Star Wars* was indeed long ago and far, far away.

THE HOWLING VI: THE FREAKS

Director: Hops Perello
Stars: Brendan Hughes, Antonio Fargas, Carol Lynley
Released: May. (Palace Home Video Self-Thru.)

A series in name only - I gave up around the time of *The Howl-*

ing III: *The Macabre* - this latest unconnected entry follows the series' geometric trend of each chapter being cheaper and diller than the last. Orphan werewolf Hughes arrives in a quiet dustbowl of a town in search of Barker's Traveling Freak Show. Barker, it transpires, is a vampire with a sola bed coffin, responsible for slaughtering his family and leaving him in his lycanthropic state. Things slowly come to a head as wolf bites bot, with a little help from Alligator Boy and Penguin Girl. A movie with about as

much flair as budget, *Howling VI* relies on tedious passages of church-rebelling to country tunes and an interminable tour of the freak show providing little in the way of freaks, and much in the way of Fargas biting heads of chickens. Transformation scenes and make-up are well below par, (on one occasion relying on a silhouette behind a curtain), with the final werewolf resembling a refugee from a hard rock band. *The Howling* movies are now based on the series of books by Gary Brandner. Joe Dante's original wisely took the title and left the novel alone. The best thing on offer here is the excellent sleeve artwork by John Bolton. Nice video box, shame about the movie!

THE PERFECT BRIDE

Director: Terrence O'Hara
Stars: Semmi Davis, Kelly Preston, Linden Ashby
Released: April 28, (Virgin Premier)

A post-feminist, pre-nuptial *Stepfather*, with Semmi Davis as the girl who just can't say 'I do'. She's an English nurse, working Stateside, looking for 'Mr. Right'. But he has a tendency to always disappoint leading to a pre-wedding night hypodermic in the neck. Now she's trying again. Engaged to Linden Ashby, things seem to be going well. He loves her and his family loves her - all except sister Kelly Preston who has more than a few worries about her sister-in-law to be. Taking it's lead from *The Stepfather*, and many plot points too - Davis forgets her new identity in public and so on - this is a run-of-the-mill horror thriller that stretches all believability at times. For example, although states apart, Davis ends up with the same scarier from her last near-wedding. With expected thrills delivered in a perfunctory manner, Preston is good as the disturbed sibling guilty over the accidental death of her sister, while Davis is wooden with a clipped English monotone. In line with the growing women as non-victims horror trend exemplified by *The Hand That Rocks The Cradle*, this is probably essential viewing for bachelor parties, but little else.



Left: *Howling VI: The Freaks*
Below: *The Perfect Bride*



What horror films have influenced today's genre directors? David Blyth kicks off the first in a regular series of celebrity listings

Born in New Zealand in 1956, David Blyth's first film was *Angelmine* in 1978 followed by *A Woman of Good Character/Liz* in 1982. But it was the 1984 New Wave zombie cult favourite *Death Warm'd Up* which cemented his career in horror. In 1986, after directing twelve episodes of the New Zealand soap opera *Close to Home*, Blyth moved to Los Angeles and began working on numerous unproduced scripts, *Held Hostage*, *Guns for Hire* and *Kitty Nimblesfoot*. In 1989 he directed parts of *The Horror Show/House III* but special effects make-up man Jim Lucas received the full credit. Blyth then directed *Red Blooded American Girl* in 1990, a hit-tech vampire thriller scripted by Allen Moyle who directed *Pump Up The Volume* and wrote Lucio Borden's *Love Crimes*. Blyth's latest film is *Moonrise/Gremlin* starring Grandpa Munster Al Lewis. This vampire comedy received it's world

TOP TEN

DAVID BLYTH'S TOP TEN HORROR MOVIES

The 1984 New Wave zombie cult favourite *Death Warm'd Up* which cemented his career in horror

premiere at the 10th, Brussels International Fantasy Festival in March. Blyth is currently developing *Exurbia* for New Line Pictures. Written by Lars Björck and Kim Henkel, who co-wrote *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* with Tobe Hooper, *Exurbia* deals with mental stress in today's society and concerns a father who suddenly goes berserk amongst his suburban family.

"My ten favourite horror films in no particular order are:-

1) *The Hunger* (1983) Tony Scott's stylish vampire movie packed with lush, erotic dread and containing intriguing performances from David Bowie, Catherine Deneuve and Susan

Sarandon

2) *The Tenant* (1978) Roman Polanski's brilliant tour de force of gradual terror and madness amongst the ordinary. Or is it?

3) *Peeping Tom* (1960) Michael Powell's classic tale of voyeurism and the sexual power one can wield over an (un)willing victim. The haunting imagery has never been duplicated and I still find this a very disturbing movie to watch

4) *The Exorcist* (1973) What can I say? William Friedkin's powerful study did the impossible. It brought the Old Testament back to life for a new generation

5) *Dead Ringers* (1988) David Cronenberg is one of my favourite all-time directors. His unforgettable strange experience hit all the right spots

6) *The Evil Dead* (1982) Sam Raimi's relentless pursuit of horror and humour still bowls me over

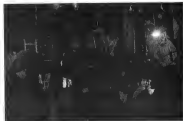
7) *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1974) Sweet including, claustrophobic and unrelenting, Tobe Hooper's landmark film gave horror a gritty, harsh reality.

8) *Night of the Living Dead* (1968) George Romero's touchstone of modern horror. Supermarket zombies - a metaphor for our age?

9) *Halloween* (1978) John Carpenter's terrifying classic and the definitive suburban horror film paving the way for *A Nightmare on Elm Street*

10) *Motel Hell* (1980) One of the weirdest gore comedies it's been my pleasure to watch. You have to see it to believe it!"

**Top left: *Death Warm'd Up*
Bottom left: Blyth directs the
Comedy! *Horror Moonrise*
Below: *Moonrise* poster**



Though magnetic letter pages continually insist that "I've watched every video Marty's gone and here have depraved or corrupted me", horror movies continue to be cut. Exploitation still suffers the ignominy of bartering its pay, decennial to British viewers. *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* is banned. Cronenberg's outlawed on-line release, *Steven Soderbergh* too predictably a banter smorgasbord. Correct credentials blame a feature into ad-house screens unwatched, (un)logically as *Affraid of the Dark* (ridiculously symbolic like *Santa Sangre*) industry pressure is less *The Lover's Guide* shelf-space in a shop to European leaders, but the libelous apparatus by which the B.B.F.C. maintains its sway may well be as horribly healthy as ever.

While media opportunities unearth causality connections between psychopathy and violence, watchdogs discuss the dispiriting effect of on-screen violence. Jeffrey Dasher complains, "Movies don't kill people - people do," but puritan minorities can be relied on for misconstructed tales of Batsanic analysis calculated to make the B B F C look like enough to be on our side. Milwaukee criminal Jeffrey Dasher is hooked to hit of the moment **The**

Silence of the Lambs one year, self-abusing **The Exorcist** the next - the basic trick is to forget that Dennis Nielsen could have been cast in *Oh Superman* with equal aplomb and privilege, or for mutual suspicions of silliness. Slandering violent entertainment as perversely worthless stuff has proved convenient for reactionary bodies like *Feminist's Board* and the *British Film Institute* who, despite petitions, message minority attempts to laud artistic establishment fare. Against such odds, biding letters to the genre press are worse than useless.

But we're to blame as well. Many involved in exploitation and front-line defense, post-Video Recordings Act, have actually been suckered into promoting mainstream prejudices. *Fear* for a minute the disaster named *Fear*. From the intellectually embarrassed *Satanstoe*, (mundane rather than

HELL SCREEN

Shivers opinion by David Prothero

Slaves to the censor

happy tabloid terminations of the endlessly repetitious *The Frost*, the bulk of Britain's nation-
under-achieving in their coverage of home-lover's *Grass* Scandals. As a result, the *Woods* liturgies and subsidies of our ubiquitous game have been kept in almost perfect secret. Enslavement, posthumous punishment and a frozen own attitude toward favorites fail to prevent the horror drama as anything but infantile, and only a few uncertain enthusiasts for *Grass* or *Woods* his too wa-pack minded to impress

Lacking even the lighter, well-ventilated, and secondary industry advantages that make the yephaan U.S. Gore Gazette in general pretty easy, every molecule content to lock in with another atrocity-trailing, plot-squashing, brain-dead A-Z of John Edgar's seems so apt to be so well-followed whole the lesser line that horror at heart is a good-headed trash with little to offer. However enough to do so, the book is a waste of time and energy and the B.I.P.C. of closet poets, much more daring to discuss experimental obscurities (Ruggers Dooden's criminal excesses) than *The Beyond* with the audacious intent to prove they demand

Far from furthering an underground cause, *Saltdom's* vacuous wacky boss dangles with lame prose, to add the

delusory divide between high and low-brow cinema even deeper than before. Okay for banned-film puritists perhaps, **Deadly Spawn** re-focuses too, but not for the futurist nihilist, no wonder a semi-prerogative of Shook's keynote maturity has zero time for the fun hat-sack, (s)he. Shook's own high-tech, just out of being "mean-spirited" as a result. Such is the case that stark-brow sends with the most waves - even to soul holes, semi-intelligence, and combatively, ongoing - induce sensations above to avoid the vulgar New-line that pretends the production's core sub-genre of terror from paranoias. (See *3, 700* above), was the end of produce the product. (Archival)

misbehaviour and the other perspective reduces low-rate-paranoias. Absent, Epsilon, Green Fifth at elite mix ranks with a paraword elite that might include E.T.C., Video Watchdog (a Solution known).

Too easily pleased with hyperbolically retro fare of the calculable **Zombie** 30 kind, but easily with the door anti-explosive plays of **Henry**, incapable of deploring using the all-always ironies of long last-gasp, before superficially snatch reviews and nostalgia-driven "new" reviews, the gore-zines flow paper-hole Asia as the next big thing - though much of the material is no more convincing than the

taken movies previously championed. Bouncing vampire T-shirts and Chinese Film Fests pandering the trend. The unrelated eclecticism and manic physicality of the core Hong Kong films held singular, extreme attractions - likewise their compass of sadism and satire - but the appreciators levelled sidestep all with low IQ repeats of the good and gory flourishes. The xenophobia that allows video dealers to crowd Osamu Tezuka's Japanese *Ani Ko* cartoons, the faint waves of Tokyo directors neglected by Glorbo and Taki-Honoro, new and old style Hong Kong sports Taxi Hunk and *Justice* Chien, China's pre-Tiananmen *Men Behind the Sun*, and *Golden Harvest* in one geographic mass is just whim-musing - predictably and uncharitably British, its virtues so inconsiderably sold, the Eastern explosion too does visceral cinema a disservice.

With Oliver Stone's controversially crafted epic *Mondo Hitler* (JFK is a superior war driver; in this job's multiplex), *The Driller Killer* is evaluated as Easy Coast anti-space and less France finally informed out by readers as a movie maker whose strangeness is rather totally surreal, we must recognize concepts of cinema since can be radically turned about. Does Stone show adolescents with *Cambal Holocaust*, (and indeed Hans and Harriet alumna John *Bullet in the Head*)?

Wolff? Is jazz perhaps the first? For a more challenging, acrobatic, and dangerous and out-up and Bertomeo film.

Confession: yes. So it's up to acknowledge toquest the mortality-probing power of violent horror - not to take ourselves into cheesy fan ghettos where tacit Trauma lovers indulge naive defences and only ever feel better favoured features. Are anything more than "Jesus, gore, good fun." Explosive horror is an idyllic grand design for the adults among us, let's admit it.

For when the self-serving B.B.F.C. pretends to act as prohibitive parents, pitching the public as adolescents whose immature tastes are not to be trusted, refusing to baby-talk the movies we love is maybe our best defence.

Left: Zombie
excesses in *The New World*

"Movies don't kill people – people do"



SHIVERS

Starburst's sister publication, *Slivers* is launched in May 1992. For a long time now Starburst readers have demanded more in depth coverage of the Horror genre. *Slivers* has solely been designed to satisfy this need.

If it's good we'll cover it.
If it's bad we'll say so.
If it's ugly, well, all the better!

Sinners is edited by *Sinners* regular Alan Jones who chalks up his fifteenth year in 1992 reporting all aspects of the Horror genre on a global scale. Jones says, "My intention is to fill the critical gap left by such late lamented seminal publications as *Shock* Express. *Sinners* will have a different angle from anything currently on the market. By using correspondents from all over the world, and my own personal favourite writers in the Horror field, *Sinners* will comment on everything first — and best!"

Why launch now?

Because the coming year sees the release of Anthony Hickman's *Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth*, Sam Raimi's *Army of Darkness: Evil Dead III*, Peter Jackson's *Braindead*, Richard Stanley's *Dust Devil*, Lamberto Bava's *The Returners*, Bernard Rose's *Candy Man*, Gaspar Noe's *Carné*, Michelle Scovi's *Lady's Nightmare*, Mick Garris's *Sleepwalkers*, George Romero's *The Dark Half*, Dario Argento's *Aura's Enigma*, not to mention the slew of vampire movies Francis Ford Coppola's *Dracula* has inspired or the many new Stephen King adaptations.

These are the Horror movies *Slivers* will be highlighting on a bi-monthly basis. The first shake and quake issue features David Cronenberg's *Naked Lunch*, *Hellraiser III*, *Dust Devil* and *Braindead* along with news, interviews and strong opinions all with an unusual slant.

You want fear?
You want terror?
YOU WANT SHIVERS!




SHIVERS

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